

WOODWIND

An Arts Paper

Washington, D.C.

25c



Robert Rauschenberg 1965

WoodWind,
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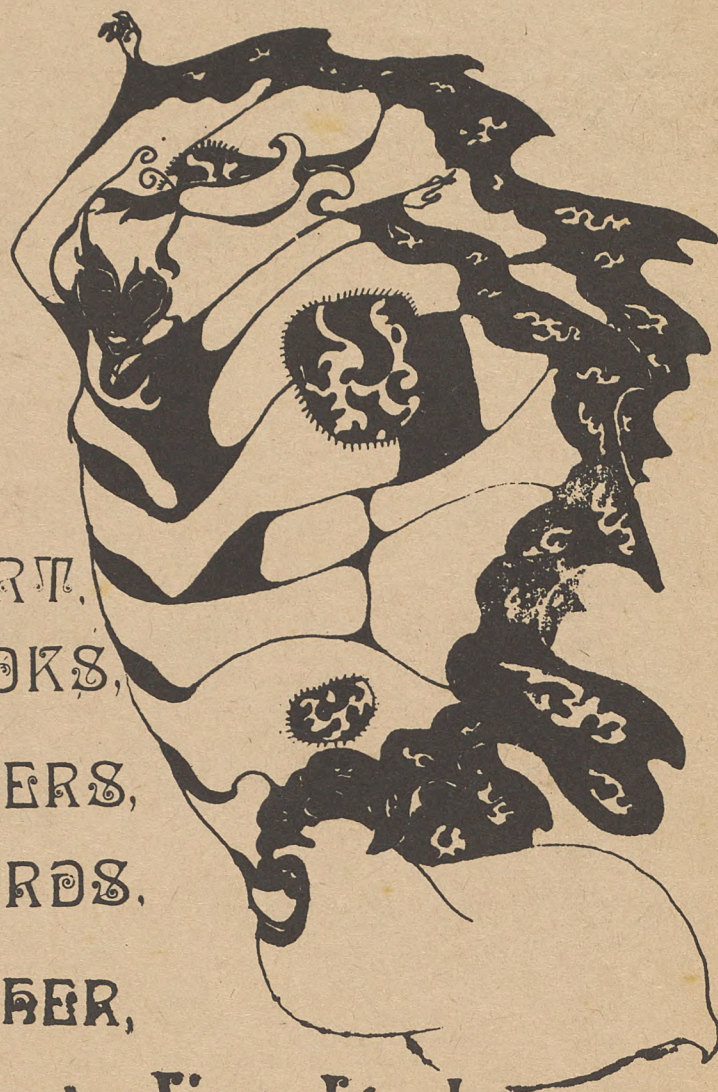
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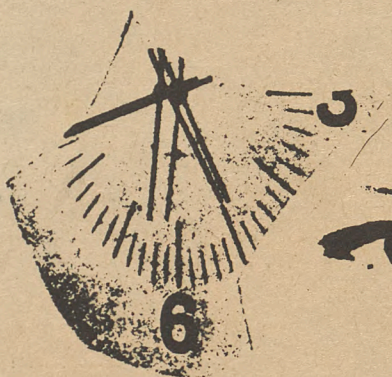
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M-F 4-7

essentially
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9-11
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MUSIC

JOSH

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sat-6 to midnight**



TOGETHER
sunday
11-2 am

support

3

CLUBS & CONCERTS

For more

It may be a sad thing. While Washington is big league in sports, it is still minor league musically. This is reflected not only in rock, but in the jazz scene and the symphony world. The nation's capital boasts a fine symphony in the National Symphony, yet it is forced to struggle for existence each and every year. Years ago this was a pretty good jazz-thing town. Now, only a few of the top clubs book the real jazz, and our own local jazz artists struggle between gigs.

And then we come to the rock scene, the one this paper has been most naturally close to. D.C. boasts several top bands, particularly Grin, Crank, and Claude Jones. But having only two specifically rock clubs can make things hard, particularly when both clubs are often forced to struggle to stay alive.

EMERGENCY in Georgetown has been around for almost a year. Booking local and national bands, it has enjoyed fairly good community support. But nowhere's near what it should. The place is small, but its that much more intimate between the performers and the audience.

The late comer is THE ARK. A converted church in Alexandria, maybe the ARK tried too hard. Besides presenting bands, there was a boutique and record store. The emphasis, particularly in the beginning, should have been on the music. So now, after a short go and a sudden shuttingdown, the ARK is reopening, with one of the best bands on the national scene toaday, POCO. POCO, the other half of the old BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD (the first half being the nucleus of CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG) will be performing the 26th and 27th.

Besides being an obvious pleasure, it should be the community's responsibility to get out there on those days and fill the place up. If this town is regarded as bush, it;s only because we've let it happen too often in the past. Let's remedy that situation from here on in with support for all our music scenes.

Summer in the parks

NEW THING
JAZZ
WORKSHOPS

ark

national
symphony

The Heart's Heat

Requiring the heart's heat
oceans colour
death's finality

the aging sentinel crosses
the peripheral bounds traced
by winds, birds, and suns
construing the light for some

timeless intoxication penetrates
and expires in conflagrations

easy resolution
of destitution

A
TYRANNY
OF
SHADOWS



The light is music is light
Compound is element
All conjoins in act of grace
for the weary face of lessening

years - attending to the rising darkness

The light is darkness is music
breathing sinew into mind

Trace the fibers to their last
retreat, the hearts beat lost
in raptures heat

Arrest

Perceptions muddled by vagaries
of loins and sleepy disinterest
retreat into yesterdays yesterday
where love of distant intent
reels and turns reels and turns
into confusions abandonment

The word is a vortex pining for
some riotous union of finality
and the wind

Messiah

The air carries the sun
The wind is its voice
The sea swells and falls
in maternal reflection
The earth is the reason why

Sleeps Call

The night is for sleep
for life is a physical proposition
and night holds no resolutions
for the sage or clerk

The ascending coils of darkness
defer only to sun and stars
but never to wills clarion

The night of brutal ascendancy
of swelling tides and listless
eyes is a realm beyond realms
a scream without succour

Time is cast out like an unworthy
stone and must await less
holy dimensions

Dreams that outstrip mountains
Breaths that terrify
Blood that seizes itself in mute
desperation

Paths that sepearate at inception
Curves that confuse the journey

I await some ultimate morn when
disjointed fantasies merge
on the steppes of Russia

YES

To watch a face lined with
its moribund vision

To see the undisclosed
tear

To pass and turn to
desperation call

is

To discern the sly omniscience
of the ascending birds

Richard Shannon

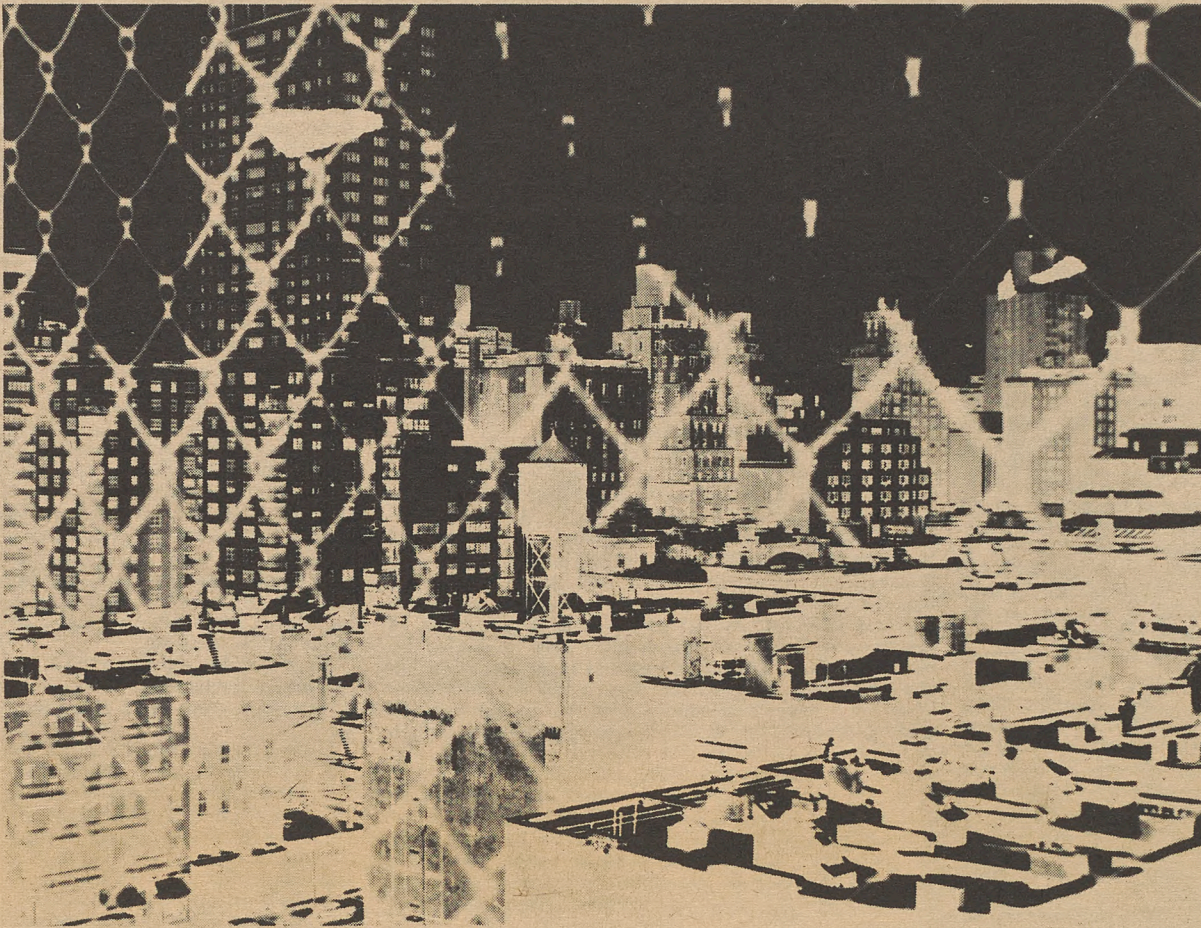
WEDNESDAY, 3

FRIDAY

Let's all lay back in our bathtubs
And say to each other
We are all ugly and imperfect
Let's all switch the tables
Leave our Coppertoned bodies
And deoderanted underarms
And creamed legs
At home.
Let's all pick up signs
Bearing slogans of
Pimples are beautiful
Or
Hairy legs are IN this year.

One little me
I'm only, oh, so small
And the blackbirds call
six on each side
four red stones in each hand.
Help me hide
Duck your head
Or you'll be dead
Dead to your life if you open your eyes
Don't open your mind
Don't love what's not your kind
But I do, I love some of them
Why can't I love them?
Because they aren't your class, child.
They are beneath you.
But, really, aren't we all on the same level?
We are only, oh, so small
Only us.

days



FRIDAY 2:00 A. M.

A longhair walks into a blood donor's office
He says to his companion
I paid my rent today .
He rolls up his sleeve
And the needle goes in.
The blood is extracted.
He leaves the office
No pay
Today
A redneck sits in his hospital bed
He says to his companion

My rent is due today
While a nurse brings in the blood
That will help save his life.

SATURDAY

I think that
People should not have to be influenced by other
People's moods.
In this way
I mean
that just because you are angry
I shouldn't have to be, as well
And just because you are depressed
I shouldn't have to be as well, sucked into your
Depression.
But you have taken your anger
Or depression
Or whatever
out on me.
And so now I will not be able to see my love.
You say I don't care for my family
I fear you are wrong
I care more than I probably ever will.
Why can't you see that?

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1970

I want to follow you
So I do
I ask of you, may I come
you seem happy & and you say, sure
I think you don't mind
But I can't take my chances.

I sit beside you
And I talk
You answer, then we are silent
We work it together
They liked it
It could work again
But I fear asking you
I can't take any chances.

I stood outside
Wishing you could come
And talk to me
Someone else came
And then you came
I have to see my cousin tomorrow
That's all you said
I longed to say
Don't go! Stay here with me
But I didn't
I can't run off my chances.

And I thanked you, & you smiled
I especially
Stopped, & said, Goodbye, to you
You said, Goodbye, to me
You didn't sound annoyed
I wanted to put my arms around you
And press my head against your chest
But instead I turned & walked out
I can't push any of my chances

I know you must make the first move
That's how it is,
I can't take rejection, perhaps you can't either
I won't reject you. but you can't know
I guess, you're afraid to take chances, too.

Rae

EDUCATION DIS EDUCATION

Blueprint For Counter-Education, Maurice Stein and Larry Miller of the California Institute of the Arts (CIA), Doubleday and Co., \$10.

LAWRENCE LIPTON

For those who have not yet fallen prey to the lure of moneytheism, mediocracy and getting on in the world, progressive/avant-garde/radical education means, in roughly chronological and overlapping order, the Bauhaus, the New School, N.Y.C., Antioch College, Summerhill, Black Mountain College, Emerson College, the Free University of California, L.A., ditto N.Y.C., (where the use of the word university was denied them by law), the New University of Mexico City, the New University of London, ditto Copenhagen, ditto Detroit and who knows how many more in the U.S. and more recently in Europe, and most recently the Experimental Colleges hang-loosely connected with UCLA and universities elsewhere in California and throughout the country. Their range of dissent, political and academic artistic and avant-garde is as wide as the whole spectrum of what is loosely called the Left, and any one of them has in its time and place been a rallying point for fresh departures in education. The list is much longer; these are only the ones that readily come to mind.

The latest point of departure—and the most promising “new beginning” is the California Institute of the Arts at Los Angeles. It bows in with ample funds (where most of the others mentioned were deficient) and with an impressive faculty of proven ability, experience, talent and even genius, so how can it miss. Except for the thousand ills that all new educational ventures are heir to, making their infant mortality high, and except for those who, on the other hand, live all too long and die of hardening of the arteries. Founding a new far-out avant-garde school is like founding a library, which has been described as “an act of faith which generations still unborn sign in their night in witness of the dawn.” What makes the California Institute of the Arts more promising than earlier ones is the fact that it happens at a time when all the ingredients of success are already present. It is not ahead of its time, as the old saying goes—*how can anyone be ahead of his time today?* And its faculty is of our time, they have played a leading role in *making* our time what it is. Those who are *not*—not yet, we hope—will be, if they are not excluded by what politicians call the art of the possible. Success will ultimately depend on the impossibilities on the staff—without whom there is no salvation and no survival anywhere anytime.

Toward that end two of its formative spirits, Maurice Stein and Larry Miller, have plunged headlong into a BLUEPRINT FOR COUNTER EDUCATION, what they call a Shooting Script of the enterprise. Why do I say plunged headlong? Partly because it accounts pardonably for some of the errors and omissions of the script, and partly because there is no time to lose, the state of education in the U.S. being what it is. Who knows how much time we have left to overhaul it? Who knows, for that matter, how much time we have left for *anything* anymore?

BLUEPRINT FOR COUNTER EDUCATION comes boxed, containing the Shooting Script and three large two-color charts. Like any blueprint it is designed to be constructively *acted* upon by the student, in the widest and most creative sense of the word act: “Since the project is planned as a highly participative series of art-life-politics games, we urge the reader-player to immediately take the initiative.” The authors worked with one or another version of the charts at Brandeis University and at Clark University during the 1968-69 semester, and the feedback from the students who used them led to constant revisions. This is in the best tradition of the student-teacher relationship; what has come to be known as “the community of scholars.” “We urge the reader to do the same thing that many of our students did: design your own wall charts as soon as you finish learning from ours.” Outset the limitations of the two-dimensional, linear medium of print in attempting to communicate to the reader an adequate conception of the materials and their actual use in the classroom.

“We did receive many valuable and powerful counter-charts. In fact, we had hoped to include several in this *Shooting Script* but circumstances rendered this impossible. The subject area explored most widely by students and neglected most shamefully by us is music. Some of the best material, both lineal and non-lineal, dealt with the history of music and with current music, especially rock, in a fashion that *forced* our choices of modern meditative texts and a post-modern faculty were far more eye-oriented and book-centered than would be the choices made by a more ear-oriented and record-tape-musical-instrument-oriented younger generation.”

Such an apologia is commendably honest but it need not have been quite so contrite. The limitations of the book form are widely understood in these McLuhanite, indeed post McLuhanite days. Attempts to transcend these limitations go back at least to the earliest books of Kenneth Patchen whose typographical tricks, included not only varied type-sizes but even colors, to say nothing of pictorial type-arrangements reminiscent sometimes of Lewis Carroll's Alice books manuscripts lamely imitated by the printers.

Devices designed to somehow get around, over or under the rigid linear limitations of writing and type go back to the pattern poems of George Herbert, to the illuminated manuscripts, to the first alphabets simplified from the primitive pictographs. The spoken or sung word, supplemented by instrumental music was a further effort to evoke the thing by the word that names it. Add dance and decor and you are back to ritual drama, which modern multimedia and inermidia, plus electrification and amplification, are designed to approximate.

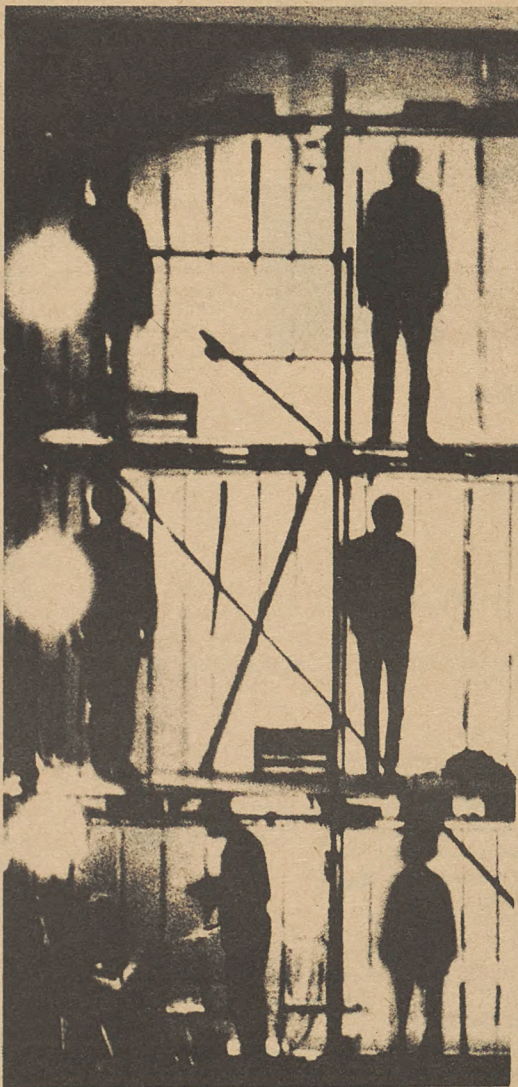
In my classes modern literature at UCLA in 1963-64, at the Free University of California, 1966-67 and again at UCLA in the Experimental College, 1967-68, I applied intermedia to interdisciplinary courses of study.

So I have some idea of the problems involved if not all the answers. Further developments along these lines lie, I suspect, in the field of technology and invention, rather than in any elaboration of theory and pedagogics.

The new California School of the Arts seems to be pointed in that direction, if I may judge from the Shooting Script and the three charts that make up the package, and some hints in the Script about future expectations.

“We receive (from students, L.L.) statements of all sorts including several tapes about the relations between current rock and antecedent developments in music. Several visual structures were prepared which taught us much about this complex subject. It would have been hard to choose among these documents or tapes had we decided to include them. A few changes to include music were made in the blueprints but we finally decided that this was the great participative realm in which students lived and about which they were necessarily destined to teach. *For us to presume to teach in this realm became a violation of the first principle of counter education.* (That sentence, embellished with appropriate visuals, should be posted on the office walls of all the administrators, deans and department heads in our high schools, colleges and universities, and deliberated and acted upon. L.L.) We expect that a music blueprint will soon be forthcoming and, indeed, from other materials collected at Brandeis and Clark, we expect that high information, counter-educative blueprints will appear shortly. These charts will parallel ours but will be oriented to such diverse fields as the cinema, alchemy, astrology, consciousness-expansion, black culture, photography, clothing and women's liberation.”

Three years ago, in one college quarter, 1967-68, my own class (only one of many) produced two music groups, folk and rock, three short motion pictures, the small building which housed the class was turned into a huge collage of painting and sculpture, and each session began with an hour of a rock and roll band and dancing, accompanied by slides, films and strobe effects. I mention it here only to make the point that so far as the new life style is concerned some of the chief materials of counter-education have been available for nearly a decade. What is needed now is an education format into which the materials can be fed as information input, on a larger scale than I was able to command in 1963, and electronic (or other) memory banks in which the input can be stored for retrieval on demand. The source material (mostly from students) is abundant, once you abolish the “class” format and the lecture format along with the lectern and the dais, and the old teacher-student relationship, along with such titles as professor, doctor, undergraduate and post-graduate and the rest of the statue structure—as I did without any fuss about it, in the Experimental Col-



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lege—along with the word *experimental*, by the way, which is only a pejorative label imposed on it by class conscious members of the faculty and the administration.

The counter education format blueprinted in the *Shooting Script* and the charts is a long step in the right direction—within the limitations avowed and honestly acknowledged in the *Script* itself, as we have seen. It is candidly, deliberately left open-ended for constant change as the needs of the times require and the community of scholars decide. That is, *if the community of scholars will be able to hold a reasonable measure of control over such decisions.* A foundation established by the late Walt Disney is the source of its funding, and the school's administrative positions. It will take extraordinary intelligence, good will and mutual accommodation to bring it off. But the ingredients are there and the concepts are sound, contemporary and flexible. Here, for example, is a sample of the *Shooting Script* dealing with the vital question of *nowness*.

“...a question must be posed about the utility of these blueprints for the decade of the seventies.

“Since we have selected the work of Herbert Marcuse and Marshall McLuhan as central organizing positions for all post-modern thought, one way to anticipate the continued utility of our blueprints is to look at their most recent contributions. Since the popularity is of both Marcuse and McLuhan has passed its peak, the former peaking in 1968 and the latter in 1967, their thinking has been diffused and dissipated (indeed repressively desublimated) in the last two years by the very culture they seek to critically interpret. One of the measures of their continuing deeper unacceptability—that their Pop stardom is over—is actually provided by the failure on the part of liberal intellectual circles to deal with the challenge constituted by their most recent Publications. Marcuse's *Essay on Liberation* deals with all the problems posed by revolutionary movements in recent years, whether successful or unsuccessful. He discerns the radical potentialities in new movements among students and blacks while warning against accommodative infantile leftist trends within them. McLuhan's two recent books, *War and Peace in the Global Village* (with Jerome Agel and Quentin Fiore) and *Beyond the Vanishing Point* (with Harley Parker) carry some of the insights and methods of his earlier work into areas like politics, art history and literary history—with varying results. The point is simply that powerful and novel ideas were being introduced as recently as the past two years by both of our central theorists.”

They further point out that, to fortify their main foundation-trends they have added to the curriculum (in the third chart) such trend-setting line s of thought as:

1. Rene Dubos— *On Being Human*
2. R. Buckminster Fuller— *An Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth*
3. Lewis Mumford— *The Myth of the Machine*
4. Paul Goodman— *People or Personnel*
5. Jacques Ellul— *Political Illusion*
6. Gunnar Myrdal— *Asian Drama*
7. Harold Rosenberg— *Artworks and Packages*
8. George Steiner— *Language and Silence*
9. Norman O. Brown— *Loves Body*
10. Erik Erikson— *Ghandi's Truth*

“The list is in the best post-modern tradition, in that each book retains the broad critical perspective on Western history which is the substantive heritage of modernism. At the same time each innovates within that tradition to illuminate life-enhancing potentialities for art, design, and politics. The works on this list are interdisciplinary in the most profound sense of that much abused term.”

All that is claimed for these works and the ideas they advance is that they offer “a reasonable starting point” from which the community of scholars can go on to John Cage, Eldridge Cleaver, Jerome Rothenberg and others. Allen Watts and Gary Snyder come in for attention and journals like *Ramparts* and *Leviathan*, but only passing notice is given to the underground press, and whole West Coast movement is merely pencilled in, so to speak, for future consideration. When I pointed this out to the authors of the *Shooting Script* they readily admitted it, ascribing the oversight to the fact that their educational and experiential milieu was Eastern— New York and Boston. This bias is a curable disease, however, and the fact that the school is being based in Southern California will no doubt serve as a corrective therapy. It is not the only important oversight which will have to be re-sighted to bring the project into focus. There is the whole alternate culture, which they misdate: “during the last years of the sixties an alternate culture began to appear.” (Empasis mine.) It began to appear in the middle fifties with the Beat movement (which is entirely overlooked in the *Shooting Script* and the charts) and the early years of the sixties which saw the development of the Beat into the Hip. I suspect that additions to the faculty, drawn from the West Coast, and the influence of West Coast students will fill in these omissions. As the writers see it, “our problem at the California Institute of the Arts in particular, and the problem of counter education in general, would seem to be that of establishing an educational environment in which radical energy can be sustained, deepened and transformed before and after confrontation. In conclusion, we know of no better advice that was provided by the Sorbonne counter-educator who coined the graffiti, *Je Suis Marxiste, Tendance Groucho*. (I am a Marxist with a Groucho tendency. L.L.) We would only add, however, that some Americans seem to do their best work when they follow Harpo.”

If those who are entrusted with administering the foundation that is funding this project follow the example of other foundations, notably the Guggenheim, Rockefeller and Ford, and give their beneficiaries as free a hand in carrying out the project as these other foundations have done in their special fields of the humanities, they will make a place for themselves second to none in the history of education.

THE FUTURE OF THE ARTS

by *Stephen Allen Wheaton*

(This article is reprinted from the second edition of WoodWind, where it appeared in a garbled, illogical manner due to the tired condition of the staff member who layed it out on the page. Apologies, and now the article in its correct form.)

Speculating about the future is always a dangerous business. Most prophets are reluctant to begin their predictions without first mentioning how likely they are to be wrong about many things. This article will probably be quite wrong about many of its predictions, but I hope it is stimulating and interesting, nonetheless.

Let us consider the next twenty years. Let us also agree to consider a broad view of the arts: fine arts, commercial arts, applied arts, new arts, crafts, and artistic discussions and arguments as well. Within this broad outline, some predictions can very safely be made. Some questions, similarly, can be devised which are sure to be timely and important throughout the next twenty years, even though these questions cannot yet be answered. Last of all, there is one less certain prediction which is sufficiently interesting and important to warrant full treatment.

Obvious and safe predictions should be taken care of first: A) There will be more and more mixing of media. These syntheses of various artistic media and traditions have been taking place for many years, and the trend seems likely to continue for twenty more. An example of this kind of combining of art-forms is "sound-poetry" in which the spoken form of a poem becomes important. Words, syllables, and even familiar sounds might be absent from a sound poem. What remains might be mere sounds, subjected to the kinds of melodic and rhythmic modulations which are characteristic of speech and poetry.

B) Existing traditions will continue and flourish. It is popular to predict the demise of opera, the symphony, the theater, easel painting, craftsmanship, and the like, but none of these traditions have actually died out. Some have changed and some have lost the relative status they might once have had; but actual oblivion is unlikely for any now-existing tradition. In fact, improved techniques and increasing interest will make the historical study of early art more influential. Older and older forms will come back into favor.

C) There will be considerable debate about the quickly-changing styles which dominate the various artistic media in wave after wave of catch-phrase "isms". POP art, OP art, MINIMAL art, and ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM are examples of these fads. All of these styles function to demand of struggling artists in all media that they conform or forget fame. The attitude of some artists, critics, and art consumers is reminiscent of the public's attitude towards women's fashions or the yearly parade of automobile models.

Important questions can also be formulated for which there is still no answer: I) What will the government of the United States of America take as its role in subsidizing the arts and artists? What about state and local governments? Will governmental agencies give more money to the arts? If so, how will they spread it around? What sort of controls will they exert?

II) What will be the prevailing fads in the arts during the next generation? Will fashion turn backwards toward an earlier time? Will stylistic ups and downs continue to dominate the art world? III) Who will be the great artists of the last third of the Twentieth Century? (Will some presently recognized artists grow in stature to achieve an "immortal" status in history books? Will art turn away from the notion of exalted genius?)

Finally, there is the left-field, long-shot idea--the idea that the arts will be charged with the job of replacing work as a human pastime while work becomes more and more obsolete through the effects of automation and cybernation and technology in general. The idea is not totally new, but it is not an obvious and universally agreed probability obvious and universally agreed probability. I think that a good case can be made for the idea that artistic activities not only can, but must replace work activities. If the human race is to survive the boredom of its own outmoding of human effort and labor in the daily process of keeping the world going, something must be done.

As time passes, the potential changes in this country will make the problem of man's unfairness to each other less pressing. The human race may

also wake up and save the planet earth from self-stagnation at this last moment. In the event of all these fortunate, last-minute miracles, however, men will still face a perhaps larger danger in the demise of work---a danger which cannot be avoided. I do not think that returning to primitive ways, as many have begun to do as they sense the demise of the puritan ethic, will solve the problems of a growing, machine-oriented, energy-sated nation and world. I do not believe either that the human race has nothing better to do with its time than watch high-definition, 3-D, color TV all day, every day, or spend large amounts of time contemplating psychedelic navels.

I foresee a different combination; "art" will be a less important word in twenty years than it is now---but more of what we now call "art" will be happening then. Not only will the quantity of painting, songs, poems, and the like go up, but the amount of truly fine work will certainly increase as well. The inevitable influx of an incredible volume of horribly bad art will not be a bad thing--what harm does bad art actually do? If there is pressure which prevents good art, that is an altogether different thing, but otherwise, bad artists might develop into good ones, or father good ones.

Why the absurdly optimistic and naive notion that the arts will solve some of these problems then? The qualifications held by the various media collected together and called "the arts", for helping mankind to outgrow its present capitalistic, competitive, work-oriented, puritan state are impressive:

1) Creativity. The word "creativity" and the word "art" are thrown together quite carelessly, it is true, but despite this, there is some basis for the idea that experience doing art is helpful in training one's creative abilities. Research has shown that creative abilities flower in an atmosphere which is much freer of outside judgement than are most of our present educational environments or home environments.

Working with paints or words can be made free of exterior judgement simply by refusing to judge an artist's work. Any young person whose efforts have been overcriticized can exercise his fledgling creative abilities quite easily in artistic spheres. There is no "right" and no "wrong" in front of a canvas, anything at all will do. A person gains confidence in his own personal tendencies. The growth of interest in handicrafts in recent years is evidence of this creative potential.

2) Safe irrationality. This is similar to the above, for it grows out of the same free-ranging potential which is inherent in doing art. Painting a painting, writing a poem, making music can all help a person gain insight into himself of a decidedly non-logical, non-rational, non-deductive kind. Persons who have been institutionalized as "mentally ill" have often been shown to gain much insight through so-called "art therapy". I believe that it is the free-ranging nature of doing art as a process which allows these people to begin to see themselves and to exercise their insight.

If the arts become more and more important, filling the time left free by the demise of work and also providing jobless people with something interesting and worthwhile to do, then the next metamorphosis will render the arts indistinguishable from everyday life. This is something which John Cage, an extremely influential art theoretician, has been calling for since 1950 or earlier. It seems to me that his approach is quite forward looking and perceptive, but for reasons which are bound up in his whole outlook on life, Mr. Cage seems to insist on preferring that this merged art-life complex of the future be modeled not so much after the potentials inherent in artistic experiences, but after the mundane character of present everyday life.

So the arts will help us solve our problems on this shrinking and more job-less planet. Things will be very different if this happens. People will do art, talk about it, and live everyday average lives; but overall, things will be just a little bit better.

The Rose Tattoo is one of only a few of Tennessee Williams' plays no longer available in print. Having just viewed its presentation at the Back Alley Theatre, one is confident that no publisher would ever commit so serious a marketing error as to assume there is a buying public for the work. It may well be that Williams himself is responsible for attempting to suppress the work. If so, it is a measure of his integrity as an artist and craftsman that he should consider the piece forgotten.

Being witness to the performance as directed by Easter Yahya (with such a name she is no doubt predisposed to expecting miracles) is something akin to being forced into marriage due to an hysterical pregnancy, watching with trepidation as your would be wife bloats with false hopes and fears and seeing the union consummated by not even so much as a still birth.

The play itself is all honeysuckle and gothic gestalt with an Italian accent. It is set in the front yard and sitting room of Serafina della Rosa, in a village populated mostly by Sicilians, "somewhere along the Gulf coast." It concerns her unseen husband's death, smuggling dope beneath a load of bananas (really), her daughters coming of age, the revelation of her husband's infidelity (three years after the fact), her seduction, if that is the word, and final understanding of, if not reconciliation with, her daughter.

The play is filled with names, artifacts, and descriptions of roses: the rose tattoo on the husband's and lover's chests which Serafina feels transplanted to her naked breast at the moment of conception and which Estelle, the mistress, has literally tattooed on hers; Rosario della Rosa (the husband) and Rosa della Rosa (the daughter); the silk rose colored shirt made unwittingly by Serafina for mistress Estelle to give to her husband and the rose oil on the hair of Alvaro her lover; the roses carried in grief by Estelle, those given to Serafina by her daughters and by Alvaro, and the single rose worn behind her ear as Serafina prepares to take Alvaro as her lover. But they are simply there. They serve no purpose other than to provide an unintended redundancy. The references suggest no symbolic or thematic unity as does, say the blindness and loss of vision in Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*.

And that is perhaps the single greatest failing of the drama, that there is so little central coherence to it. If it must be presented it screams out for a tight well defined vision to make it effective. Miss Yahya seems incapable of providing that. It is impossible to know whether she plays it for humor or horror. Neglecting to draw its scattered pieces together she leaves it to erupt, its pace uneven and erratic, alternately frenetic and somnambulant.

Against the absence of real direction it is somewhat difficult to evaluate the capabilities of the actors. What unity the play intrinsically possesses is given by the figure of Serafina—her grief, her love, her bitterness, her sexual hunger must give meaning to what is only hinted at in the script. It is an almost impossibly difficult role requiring a sensitivity and maturity which can convey earth-mother and bitch, nun and nymph simultaneously. Bunny Gantt as Serafina is simply not up to the role. Her interpretation of the role is so frenzied and her actions so frantic—I should never have thought it possible to do so much running on so small a stage—the fact that her lines are audible seems an achievement. In lesser roles, Maxine Caldwell as Estelle and Nancy Lee Torchia as Peppin, leader of the chorus, possessed a confidence in character and self that seemed to be generally lacking. I had the feeling that Jim Hubbard as Alvaro and Pearl Franklin as Rosa would have been able to give much more with a little more concrete guidance. Fran Cheyfitz, Melvin Bruce, Berrita Parker and Betty Briscoe all showed sparks of genuine comic talent. It is an unfortunate measure of the performance that the earthy and delightful, albeit brief, rendition of "Mademoiselle from Armentiere" by the latter two was the highlight of the evening.

David Evans

theater

EXIT THE KING

by ruth stenstrom

Man is mortal, and perhaps God is mortal too. Hence, one day all of us will have to come to terms with death.

"L'Etat c'est moi." (I am the state) was the credo of Louis XIV, the Sun King of France who created an empire for France and established his divine right to rule. This is the premise of the absolute god-like monarch Berenger, who has ruled by divine right for 400 years and is suddenly confronted by the fact that he's "going to die in an hour and a half at the end of the show."

After all these years he has suddenly lost his power over the elements—creating and destroying anything within his domain by command.

And yet, although "Kings ought to be immortal," he finds that "They are-- provisionally."

Berenger, played comically by Ned Beatty, amuses us as a buffoon with expressive, bawdy gestures reminiscent at times of the Cowardly Lion. He spends his last hours examining his devices against death amidst the remnants of his court, which has been feeling all of the omens of decay and imminent death, accompanied by his two wives, court doctor, nurse-maid and guard—who frequently makes court announcements of useless information.

On the one hand, Berenger is prodded by his stern, Kathryn Hepburn-like first wife (Anne Chodoff) to accept the reality of death and to die with some semblance of dignity, while he

is comforted and urged by his romantic, frivolous, child-like combination Goldie Hawn and Judy Holliday second wife (Marcia Wood) to escape death (unrealistically) through love.

(By the way, all of this is happening until July 5 at the Washington Theatre Club at 23rd and L Sts., N. W. under the direction of Davey-Marlin Jones.)

The play begins with a farce-like quality—establishing with little subtlety the roles and interrelationships of the characters and the polarization of their reality vs. fantasy standpoints.

The king (a creature of Eugene Ionesco) encompasses universal man from chamber pots to washing machines and splitting atoms. His empire is a composite of all the gregarious, declining nation-states. Living his life hedonistically, day by day, he has become irresponsible, responding to his whims and abusing his power. Thus he has avoided the issue of his mortality and after all of his devices have failed him, he still cannot accept the prospect of his demise.

After the first act I could feel little empathy, attachment or interest in the plight of this comical, miserable king. And I contemplated a similar round-robin of dialogue, lack of intrigue or feeling for the remainder of the evening.

Yet the last scenes of the play vindicated the treatment of the play for me as I was caught off my guard and became

involved and enraptured by the spellcreated in the final interlude between Berenger and his first wife, leading him on to cutting his ties with life. With a concert of poetic action, concise phrases and intense body movement, one abruptly awakens with the king from the dream-like fantasy of the play into the vivid reality of "brutal daylight" that "your heart doesn't beat anymore because it has no reason to do so."

The shock of this moment leaves one dumbstruck and immediately establishes a profound context for the play. The dramatic contrast of escapist comedy and the solemn reality of the end gives a tremendous impact to the experience of the play, and one is willing to forgive Ionesco's stereotype characterizations which are less people than ideas.

The tone of the play is enhanced by well-chosen music and effectively executed sound techniques. The acting was generally good, but I was constantly reminded of their similarities to film stars.

All in all, I would recommend EXIT THE KING for those who are ready to hassle with all facets of death (as well as the meaning of life) among pleasant company.

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threels

NED KELLY could have been a good movie. It boasted in director Tony Richardson a man who had in many of his previous films shown an incredible intelligence and awareness in being able to transfer the potential of a film into a fine finished product. The story of NED KELLY itself is fairly banal. It takes place in Australia at about the same time as our Westerns would have been taking place, and featured the Kelly family, a rip-roaring Irish clan, if ever there was one. Perhaps too much is expected of the viewer, for sometimes the subtleties of conflict that exist between characters are so subtle that they totally escape notice. The most basic conflict occurs between the law, represented by non-Irish elements, and the Kelly clan, fiercely chauvenistic and gradually inclined, through the efforts of Ned Kelly, to seek political and geographic autonomy. It takes the movie some time to allow the viewer to realize that these conflicts are more in terms of nationalities than class. The first half of the movie would seem to indicate that the Kellys are the traditional poor element fighting against the state as exemplified in officers of the law. The Kellys, in good cinematic tradition, become outlaws not because they have broken the law, but because the law has tried to break them. The gradation from lack of respect for the law to horse thievery to eventual murder (that actually comes in self-defense) fails to enlist our sympathies as did similar events in BONNIE AND CLYDE. Director Richardson shows an essential laziness in both his choice of star and in the final denouement of the film. Mick Jagger, as leader of the Rolling Stones, is perhaps a stunning performer, but the adjectives that describe his acting style are less flattering. Sporting an Abraham Lincolnish beard, Jagger at times appears to be both handsome and ugly, depending entirely upon the angle of the shot. Perhaps his worst shortcoming is that he lacks the authority inherent in the character he plays. When one of his enemies says that "Ned Kelly is twice the man that we are", it is hard for the audience to totally agree. Jagger tries, but Jagger misses. Other actors in the film provide adequate, non-stellar chores.

One plus and one minus in the film set each other off because they have a tendency to occur at the same time. A number of songs, penned by Shel Silverstein and sung by Waylon Jennings, punctuate the film every five or ten minutes, or so it would seem. For the most part they are thoroughly irritating. On the other hand, these scenes also seem to include some of the finest photography in recent films. The misty and occasionally mystic landscaped hills of Australia perform a stunning backdrop to the film. There are scenes that take place in the woods that have an idyllic quality quite out of keeping with the theme of the film because of their beauty and quietude. The camera work throughout the film is marvelous.

Director Richardson also insults our intelligence towards the end of the film. Jagger, who has encased the upper part of his body with iron (bullet-proof, see!) faces 100 to 150 armed policemen who shoot at him, surround him in total fright, and apparently take no notice that the bottom half of his body is unprotected. A gunfight occurs between Jagger and this massive horde until finally one of them, perhaps by accident, shoots him in the legs. Thankfully, this insult to our intelligence does not recur.

Finally, I suppose, the failure of the film comes because of the failure of the director to set sights on his goal at the beginning of the film and stick to them. Richardson's attempt at social significance fails because of a lack of continuity and truthfulness. Jagger's inability to convince us of the heroic qualities of his character only aid our dissatisfaction with the film. Let's wait for Tony Richardson's next film, and for Jagger's next role, in PERFORMANCE.

Hopefully it will not be too late for many of you to see A MAN CALLED HORSE. Following the pattern of one of last year's top films, PRETTY POISON, A MAN CALLED HORSE slipped into several neighborhood houses without much fanfare and without much promotion. It is a stunning film, both visually and aesthetically. Ye

The story line may at first appear to be fairly traditional. A white hunter (faultlessly played by Richard Harris) is captured by a band of Sioux after his hunting party has been slain. The chief of the tribe apparently keeps him alive out of jest, dragging him back to the Sioux camp where he becomes a beast of burden (thus the title). Also in the Indian camp is a half-breed who speaks French and English and has been a prisoner for five years. He explains that he has not tried to escape because of the impossible odds and the capture that would accompany recapture. The presence of the half-breed allows a certain amount of dialogue to occur in English, though more than half the film, and all the Indian conversation is in the real Sioux language. No subtitles, adding to the realism of the film.

Harris gradually learns the Indian ways, and finally has a chance to prove himself when he slays two Shoshone scouts and scalps one of them, and comes back to the tribe, apparently as a brother and warrior. A romantic undercurrent occurs through the love affair that develops between Harris and the chief's sister. This affair is carried on in a pleasant, realistic way. After Harris' achieving brave status, he seeks the hand of his maiden, but must first prove his courage in the Ceremony of the Sun Vow. The climax of this sequence occurs when two slits of wood are inserted into Harris' chest muscles and he is then pulled up off the ground by ropes attached to the wood pieces and swung in the air, supported only by the pieces in his chest. I, along with the majority of the audience, practically passed out at this scene. Whoever engineered the special effects of this scene to make it so realistic deserves something...

The climax of the film occurs with a Shoshone raid upon the Sioux encampment, a raid that results in Harris' final realization of where he stands in relation to the Sioux.

There has been some general complaint that the film is not favorable to the Indians. I, for one, must disagree. The Indians come off as intelligent, much more civilized than the whites we meet at the beginning of the film. Their ceremonious lifestyle is a combination of both an optimistic sense of glory, inherent in their tribe, and a perhaps pessimistic sense of reality. While some of the customs might seem barbaric to us, they are in the long run quite understandable.

One of the traditions espoused in the film that has been met with disdain by the traditional customer, is the practice of abandoning the old people of the tribe when their sons are killed in war. The possessions are scattered among the rest of the tribe, and no one takes care of, no one provides for the old mother. Soon, though sometimes not until the following winter, she will die for lack of attention. This tradition may seem closer to pure animalism than our sense of civilization, but the time warranted this kind of conduct.

Perhaps for the white viewer the value of the film lies in its uncompromising attitude toward the intelligence of the Sioux, and therefore of the Indian in general.

Along with Richard Harris, acting honors go to Dame Judith Anderson and Manu Tupou as the Indian chief. Perhaps even more than Harris, he wins the audience through a combination of manfulness and humanity. He possesses both powerfully brooding eyes and a winning smile and is much more than just correct for the role of chief.

Rene Clement has long been a master of the mystery film. First, it must be understood the French mystery film is quite different from the modern American mystery film. American films tend to gloat over the superficial characteristics such as the big guns involved and the masterful plans; whereas, traditionally, the French films have been more interested in the psychology of the crime. Clement's latest, RIDER ON THE RAIN (at the Outer Circles) follows this fine tradition. As usual, it begins quite quietly. A man gets off a bus in a small rain-drenched coastal village. He is observed by a young woman, who glances at him, then proceeds to a dress shop, where as she is trying on a dress, he reappears in the window, entranced by her state of undress. After this incident, she drives to her empty house, empty through the absence of her pilot-husband. The man has apparently hidden in the back of her car, and he proceeds to brutally rape her. In a violent aftermath, the rapist, who apparently has stayed in the house, is shotgunned to death by the distraught woman (Marlene Jorbert) and is then rather ungraciously dumped over a cliff. Mellie (for Melancholy), the major character, then proceeds upon a path of silence.

But the very next day, an American stranger Harry Dobbs appears on the scene, and starts questioning her on the assumption that she has killed the man. Turns out that the man Mellie had killed was an escaped psychopathic rapist who had escaped from the psychiatric center with \$60,000. Dobbs is after that money. He cajoles her, threatens her, tries every method he knows to get the poor girl to admit her deed and that she has the money. Mellie doesn't budge. The conflict that arises over this provides the tension of the film. Will Mellie break down and confess? and therefore be charged with murder. Will Dobbs be able to break her down, and gain the \$60,000 he says he will split with her? Does the money exist? Will Mellie's jealous husband kill Dobbs before anything happens?

The film is quite long, almost two hours. Perhaps that is its only major fault, for after a while Dobbs' persistence wears one down. The film is in color and each frame is well composed, with equally sharp editing. As in most French films, the acting is uniformly excellent. The two major roles are played by Marlene Jorbert and Charles Bronson. Miss Jorbert is one of those relatively plain, yet somehow beautiful actresses whose acting will linger in the mind quite long after the film. Her portrayal of the childish Mellie is quite a delight. Bronson on the other hand seems a little bit stiff in his role as Harry Dobbs. It is quite interesting that his voice has been dubbed, even when he is speaking in English. Those of us who have come to know his unique voice are in for quite a surprise when he does speak in English and it is not the voice that we have come to associate him with. Outside of these two roles exists an assortment of characters, all well-portrayed. This film can perhaps be described as a social thriller, as opposed to Z's being a political thriller. It is an entertaining movie and potentially engrossing to anyone.

JEAN-LUC
GODARD's

"two or three
things i know
about her"

I will try to give an outline of the 22 films I have made and indicate what has happened to them.

Film #1 is one of my most important. It is also the object of nearly half of the total time I've spent on all 22 of the films! This is not because it is so much more complex or important than the others, but it simply takes more time to execute it.

Film #1 is shot almost totally in a series of still photographs showing my paintings (and selections of them), my slides, and my color photographs. All of these are abstract color designs. The film depends for whatever effect it might achieve on the sequence and the rhythm of the various still shots.

The amount of time that I dwell on any one shot varies from one frame, which in Super8 is an eighteenth of a second, to about two or three seconds. There are very, very few zoom shots and one or two tracking shots; almost all of the film consists of sequences which are shot either as in counted whole numbers of single frames or as intuitively timed still shots.

Films #2, #7, and #17 are all films of paintings being painted. In no instance was a single large painting, for example, being constructed; but there is, rather, the appearance of paints interacting with water---in motion that is. These three films are not very well made; photographing paintings being made is difficult to do the way I want to do it, mostly because the lights dry up the water very quickly.

Films #3, #16, #19, and #20 feature ink dropping in water filmed from the side. In some sequences, the water has been stirred. In this and all my various other ink-in-water films, I project the finished films upside-down and with the frames appearing in an order which is the reverse of the order in which they were filmed; upside-down and backwards.

Films #4 and #11 are made by running white leader through a movie projector and touching non-water soluble magic marker to the leader just before it enters the machine. The film at this point is already making the 18-times-a-second jerking motion, and this allows the magic marker to make splotches of a remarkable uniformity from frame to frame.

Film #5 is a failure, but I will someday go back and "do it right". It was made with a clear jar on a phonograph turntable, using overhead lighting and the ever-faithful ink-in-the-water medium. My handling of lighting was quite primitive, however; Film #5 is mostly blackness.

Film #6 is another time-consuming one-of-a-kind film like #1. It features cellophane between polarized sheets. I use regular cellophane and mylar; designs are put into the cellophane or mylar by

MAKING FILMS



crumpling it. The polarizing sheets can be rotated to make the colors change.

Films #8, #15, and #18 are ink-in-water again, this time shot from above. I have an inexpensive Super8 projector, so I can use no larger than 200-foot reels. When I buy a Bolex sound projector, which can handle up to 800 feet, I will piece together the various films in each category. These three films are also projected upside-down and backwards.

Film #9 is similar to the quartet of #'s 3, 16, 19, and 20 except that in #9 the containers within which the water and ink are swirling and making their shapes and flows have shaped sides. Cut glass and plastic containers make #9 a very interesting variation.

Film #10 is one of my favorites. Every time I get a short piece of film which is totally underexposed, I cut it out, soak it in Clorox, and scratch on it. I have discovered that if I hold it carefully and use the right kind of cutting implement (broken glass works well) I can run the film through my fingers and up against the broken glass in such a way that the film vibrates as it passes through. This makes a cut

in almost the same exact spot on each frame, because the glass digs into each perforation-hole and sets up vibrations which correspond with the frames of the film. It sounds impossible, but it certainly works. It is not difficult to do, either. The results I find quite beautiful.

Film #12 is a bit of a pastiche.

Mostly, it is a film of cut-glass ashtrays and the like held up next to my Bolex 155 Macrozoom camera and then filmed while I move the whole affair back and forth, thus making the lightsource move about while the shape before the camera remains the same. It is strange how much of Film #12 appears to be reflected off silvery, metallic surfaces, while in fact all of it is transmitted through more or less transparent glasses and plastics. Film #12 still has a few snatches of other film attempts which I'm too lazy to edit out yet. This is a strange problem of making abstract films; you attend to your favorite children and let the boring ones go out to pasture.

Film #13 features a reflective diffraction screen. It is nothing more than a few spectrums working back and forth. Fortunately, it is about one-fourth the length of most of the other films. At that size, Film #13 is quite O.K. Any longer and it might seem to uniform.

Film #14 is another ink-in-water film; this time opaque. There is white ink involved, and the whole thing is photographed at an angle from the top. The swirls at the surface of the water, rather than the forms which transparent inks take as they fall downward, make up Film #14.

Film #21 is also an ink-in-water film, this time featuring bits of colored glass piled up and the ink dripping beyond and among the bits. It is one of my most promising films.

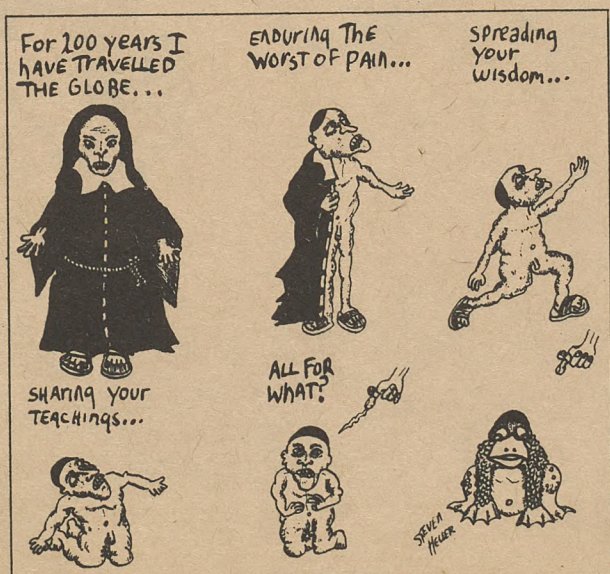
Film #22 features my ocean-in-a-bottle, which is nothing more than a plastic container containing two immiscible liquids, one of them dyed blue. There is much to be shot by photographing this at close range (down to one inch), but Film #22 has not accomplished much. It is only one-quarter length as yet.

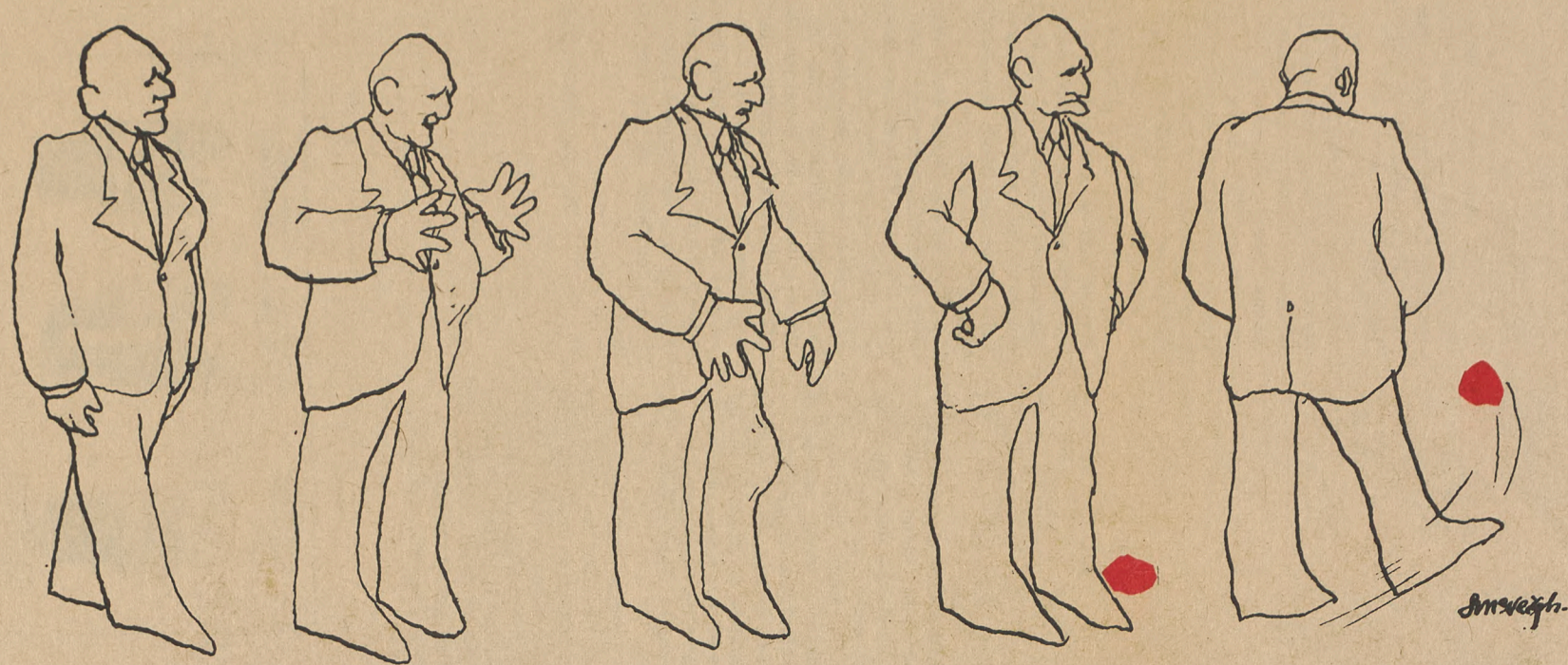
My Polacolor 4 X 5 abstract photographs will be shown starting July 18 at the Smithsonian Institution Museum of History and Technology, and there is a good chance that both slides and films will also be shown.

Twenty of my slides have been sold to Edmund Scientific, who markets them for \$5 with the catalogue No. 41253, and a 50-foot film, made up of short sequences selected and combined by Edmund from my films, also for \$5, catalogue No. 41259. Edmund Scientific, Barrington, New Jersey, 08007.

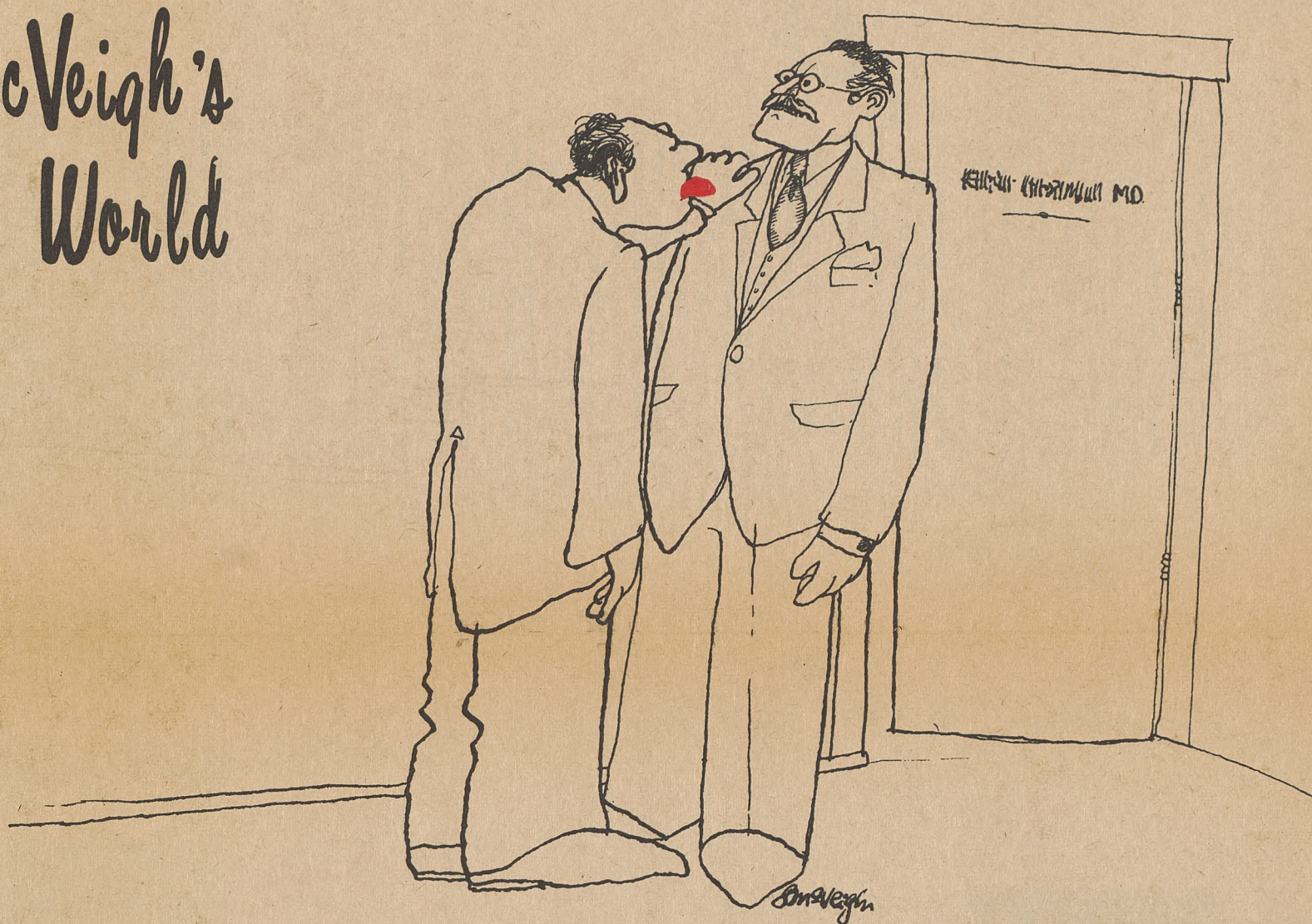
I have been making films for about a year and a half. I use Super8 Kodachrome and Super8 Ektachrome, plus a few other things, like clear leader.

Stephen Allen Whealton





McVeigh's World



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EVENING PROGRAMS

All programs at Sylvan Theater, 8:00 p.m.

Wednesday, July 1

Ethel Raim and Mike Seeger, MC's
Square Dance
Old Time Fiddler's Club of Rhode Island
Bogan-Martin-Armstrong Band
Elizabeth Cotten
Georgia Sea Island Children
Lebre and Pimental Families
Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys
Chinese American Youth Club Dragon Dancers
Addington and Carter Families

Thursday, July 2

Norman Kennedy and Jim Rooney, MC's
Square Dance
Sacred Harp Singers
John Jackson
Ward-Brewer String Band
Happy Valley Boys
Blue Ridge Mountain Cloggers
Watson Family

Friday, July 3

Ralph Rinzler and Topper Carew, MC's
Square Dance
Norman Kennedy
Pennywhistlers
Jerry Ricks
New Lost City Ramblers
Antonio Mosquera
The Blues
Jerry Ricks
Mance Lipscomb
Sleepy John Estes
Hammy Nixon
James Yank Rachel
Arthur Crudup
Booker White
Rev. Robert Wilkins
Joe Willie Wilkins Blues Band

Sunday, July 5

MUSIC FROM THE ARKANSAS
Introduction: James R. Morris
Jimmy Driftwood and Tommy Simmons, MC's
Children's Game Group
Ludy Clemonson
Cleta Driftwood
Copeland Family Band
Ohlen and Retha Fendley
Ollie Gilbert
Loving Sisters
Parrish and Emberton Families
Caroline Rainbolt
Almeda Riddle
Simmons Family
Avey-Mize-Shannon String Band
Blair Family
Ira Tillman Family
Sherman Ward
Phyllis Whitfield
Joe Willie Wilkins Blue Band



DAYTIME PROGRAMS

DAIRY AREA	Wednesday	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30	Daily Workshop—Demonstrations All Day Participants Invited by Jay Anderson and Don Veder University of Mississippi	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00	6:30	
	Hoodwink			Bluest Stringer Mance Lipscomb Sherman Ward		Children's Program: Let's Go on a Bear Hunt					Hoodwink								
	Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys			Georgia Sea Island Singers		Addington and Carter Families					Hoodwink								
	Watson Family			Memphis Blues		Children's Program: Black and Proud					Ward-Brewer Mountain String Band								
	Banjo and mandolin Blue Grass Style		Bagpipers from Spain, Ireland and Scotland		The Pennsylvaniaists		The New Lost City Ramblers				Shooby John Estes and Yank Rachel								
Sunday					The New Lost City Ramblers		Children's Program: Punchinella												
DAIRY AREA HAYSTACK—CHILDREN'S GAMES																			
INDIAN AREA	Wednesday	Demonstrations of crafting weapons					Tribal Dances		Hand Game		Panel Discussion—Medicine and Religion								
	Thursday	Southern Plains Tribes: Their Unifying Traditions				"48 Songs"— A 20th Century Tradition		Children's Program: Boyzown			Panel Discussion—Urban Indians								
	Friday	Traditional Indian crafts in Contemporary Life					Historical Indian Dress Review		Hand Game		Panel Discussion—Indian Rights								
	Saturday	Ceremonial Songs					Oklahoma Tribal Dances		Recognition of Princesses		Panel Discussion—History and Legends								
	Sunday						Intertribal Sacred Music		Hand Game		Panel Discussion—Leadership and Indian Youth								
CENTRAL AREA	Wednesday	Shared Harp Singing School	Jig Banquet		Joe Willie Wilkins Blues Band			Hoodwink	Addington and Carter Families		Shared Harp Open Sing	Big Boy Crows		Arley and Ora Watson		Mance Lipscomb		Song Swap	
	Thursday		Watson Family		Elizabeth Cotton			Blues String Band	Blues String Band			Hoodwink		Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys		Georgia Sea Island Singers		Loving Sisters	
	Friday		Sherman Ward		John Jackson			The Happy Valley Boys	The Happy Valley Boys			Pennsylvaniaists		Bluest String Band and John Jackson		Ward-Brewer String Band		Paw Paw Preview	
	Saturday		BLUES WORKSHOP										Square Dance		Joe Willie Wilkins Blues Band		Blair Family		Tillman Family
	Sunday	Sacred Music						Dalcroze Music		Joe Willie Wilkins Blues Band		Bluest String Band		Square Dance and Jam Session					
ARKANSAS AREA	Wednesday	Hackensack Court House Session			Harmonics Workshop		Delicacies: How to Make and Play them		Loving Sisters Gospel Sing		Daily Banjo Sing	True Love, Murder and Magic		Blues Band Dance					
	Thursday	Joe Willie Wilkins Blues Band			Children's Games		Sherman Ward		Fiddlers' Convention			Saucy and Steamboat Ladies		Hackensack Court House Session					
	Friday	Family Music					Banjo Workshop		Seth Mize, Don- Miller Shannon, Lonnale Avery			Accidents and Acts of God		Rev. Myron Parrish Hymn Sing					
	Saturday	Blair Family		Loving Sisters Gospel Sing		Fiddlers' Workshop		Children's Program: Down in the Arkansas		Hoodwink and Roving Blades		Jig Banquet							
	Sunday					Arkansas Sacred Music						Humor and Whimsy		Arkansas Jam Session					
DEMONSTRATIONS OF BROAD AXE LOG HEWING AND SHINGLE RIVING EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR AT LOG CABIN SITE																			



Michael Salzborg caught the marvelous geography of the Navajoh during a trip to the Mid-West last summer. These pictures need no commentary, other than to say that these are portraits of the true American.



TWO STARS

During her recent one-night appearance at the Cellar Door, Laura Nyro sang of the "fury in my soul". To the faithful audience that packed her two shows, that fury was tempered with compassion, and the singer's lyric optimism meshed with her shy stage presence.

When Laura Nyro first began singing, she did not have the respect she has today, for she was a few years ahead of her time, a few years ahead of the musical opening for her sound. She met disaster at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967, and played some embarrassing club dates at about the same time. She once promised never to play again in clubs where drinks were served: "I just can't... they talk and clunk things. My music is listening music." At the Cellar Door, the stillness that resulted from the attention given her must have been partial repayment for those times.

And Laura Nyro proved deserving of the rapturous idolatry of her fans. She is somewhat introverted on the stage, almost oblivious of the audience, totally caught up in the chordal basics of her music. Miss Nyro's piano style is most often simple chordal counterpointing of the lyrics. It is a chopping, emphatic style, well suited to her material. She lovingly set down some of her best---"Emily", "Poverty Train", and a new, funky love song called "When I Was a Freeport and You Were the Main Drag". Occasionally she would lose herself in a piano roll, but the audience was entranced and stayed with her. Leaving too soon, she was brought back for two encores. In one of them, she did two of her most recorded songs, "Save the Country" and "And When I Die". Her version of the latter was almost diametrically opposed to the Blood, Sweat & Tears version, for theoretically, theirs is so haughtily conceived and constructed that it suffers in comparison to her lively, joyful version.

The music was lovely, and so was Laura Nyro. Both music and performer withstand the majority of labels. As Miss Nyro once told *Downbeat*: "If you put my music in the wrong place, it becomes a freak. I don't fall into categories and people constantly want to put me in categories, but I refuse. I don't like organized religion. I believe in universal love- and brotherhood. People must be themselves, and they must develop individually. They must do what's right for themselves. They must find their own religion and find God for themselves." It was a peaceable night.



I think I know James Taylor. I heard him at the Cellar Door, and after closing one night, I spent a few moments talking to him. For a few moments. But a lot of understanding, visually, and from what can best be described as vibrations. This man James, he's got good vibes. He's tall, even when he's sitting down on the stool in the middle of the stage. He's angular, lithe, content with the pleasure of easy motions. Unaffected by this rise to stardom, a rise that is only just beginning, really. His eyes are deep-set, glowering with that kind of insistent liveliness that we expect of madmen and geniuses. James Taylor sits and plays a beautiful Gibson, it's an extension of himself, something grown to supplement his unique and gentle voice. And he writes songs that reflect his poetic nature, his reflective mind, his joy at being alive and just a little bit on top of things. But what has to be best is that James Taylor the entertainer is merely an extension of James Taylor the man. Friendly, straight-forward, immensely likeable, sporting a genuine sense of humor (not jokes, but humor). And the singer sings his songs. Lovingly. Really. And if you listened just to his albums, you could meet the man halfway, and for this man, that's a great thing. Everybody who's seen him just remembers, nobody analyzes. Come back soon, James, You've left a lot of friends behind.

ALBION DOO-WAH, Cat Mother and the
All-Night Newsboys Polydor 24-4023

To many people, Cat Mother's first album was a joyful rock and roll celebration. Well, the music is still up, and with this new release, Cat Mother continues to please. The country influence is more apparent, particularly in the vocals. This is not the traditional ethnic-group, despite its use of mandolin and fiddle. Each song is based upon a solid rock foundation. Best cuts are "I Must Be Dreaming", "Strike a Match & Light Another" (one more song in the Don't-Bogart-That-Joint-My-Friend-vein). A consistent up and together feeling pervades the whole album. These people know how to spread some happiness around.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS - Nancy Michaels
Reprise 6380

Comparisons may seem inevitable. Nancy Michaels does sound a little like a blend of Joan Baez and Joni Mitchell, and some of the songs feature the same careful orchestration as some of Judy Collins' "Wildflowers" album. Still, this is a beautiful album, and I can think of worse influences. Most of the songs are by Nancy, and she exhibits poetic and melodic sensitivity. "Frost outside is forming on my window sill/thick as the dew, when first we met up on the hill/Same war outside raging, and I guess it always will/the autumn moon is coming through the trees like the night before the morning love was born/Now I'm restless and uneasy and I'm like a woman, tired of waiting." And "Did you tell me someone else's tale/that made me fall in love with you/seems we began a love/so out of focus/that our first impression of us/was out of focus." All the songs are very lovely, though perhaps the prettiest is "White Devil" with a traditional lyricism and sense. It's just a very beautiful album.

BACK HOME - Chuck Berry Chess LPS1550

The cat who wrote the liner notes for this one was right - We didn't "listen" to Chuck Berry, we "heard" him, felt him. He would never replace the geniuses of the blues line like BB King or Buddy Guy, but he was perhaps a slightly more inviting kind of genius, because there was no way to sit down and watch this man play. There still isn't, as a matter of fact. His shows are exercises in motion, both for himself and his audience. And therefore the best songs on this latest album are the kind he does in his act - "Tulane" and "I'm A Rocker" being the easiest examples - fast beats and successive, intense vocals. There's no substitute for seeing the man in action, but if that's not possible then his albums serve as a good gage of the man who always told his audiences "Close your books, get out of your seat, down the halls and into the street." This is pure rock and roll.

IN A WILD SANCTUARY - Beaver and Krause
Warner Brothers S 1850

"Environmental impressions recorded with Moog Synthesizer, Hammond Organ, congas, cuicas, tablas, tamborines, drums, piano, guitar, wooden and metal flutes, the sea, live voices, live lions, birds, monkeys, cable car tow cable clicks and San Francisco muni buses." This album is destined to be an underground hit, because it is a stunning amalgam of sounds, musical and non-musical, inspires by the good deeds and good people who have awakened our ecological conscience. There are classical influences of Bach and jazz influences by Howie Roberts and Bud Shank. But the beauty of the album is in its final, total conception - and that concept is an essential good faith. The second side is perhaps the better, because by then we are thematically aware of what's going on. "Aurora Hominis" is a sly and delightful homage to the theme of "2001". "Salute to the Vanishing Bald Eagle" is a very funky number, and followed by the exceedingly simple "People's Park", breaks down any communications barriers.

On the first side, "And There Was Morning" is a beautiful classical poem, counterpointed with the electronic "Spaced". "And So the Waters Flow" is another stunning collage. You know, I just keep turning it over - and each time I hear more than the last time. "In A Wild Sanctuary" is merely a fantastic album.

NOTES

HIGH MOUNTAIN
Columbia CS 1010

Too little information on this album, but lots of soulful music, blue-eyed soul that lies closer to rock than soul, with strong vocals. Even the orchestration on the first side works well. Nobody's identified, just a couple of pictures. Wish I knew more. Good listening.

MOANIN' and STOMPIN' BLUES, John Lee
Hooker King KS 1085

Hooker is one of the original blues men, and has behind him one of the longest continuing careers as a performer. This collection of early recordings is only slightly flawed by the technical quality of the early session equipment. Other than that, the drive and power are here. A must for those who care about the blues.

SELF PORTRAIT, Bob Dylan
Columbia

I suppose I'll be in the minority, but I think this album is terrible. There are some good cuts of course - the traditional "Days of 49", Lightfoot's "Early Morning Rain", some new Dylan, "Little Sadie", "Woogie Boogie" and the introductory "All the Tired Horses", which is sung over and over by a chorus, a song consisting of just two phrases - it gets into your head. But either Dylan or Columbia let indulgence carry them away from the realms of quality. Some of the things on this album are plain embarrassing to listen to, and even the magic name of Dylan cannot save intolerable versions of "The Boxer", "Blue Moon" or "Copper Kettle". A few cuts from the Isle of Wight concert (with the Band) are tolerable reminiscences of the Bringing It All Back Home days - particularly "She Belongs to Me". But this double album would have been better with about half its content left in the can. But I suppose everybody will buy it.

BEAST Evolution 2017

Another first album by a new group. Doing original material, the best of which is breezily based, the standout feature is luminous flute work by Michael Kerns. Kerns never pushes, but just lays down a melodic echo. Robert Yeazel on guitar and Gerry Fike on the keyboards do some nicely emphatic exchanges on "It's SO Hard", which is practically straight jazz. On the album, the group goes through a lot of changes, from pretty heavy acid rock to jazz to mainstream pop-rock. It might come across even more strongly by developing one of these areas instead of continuing its musical dilettantism.

NASHVILLE DIRT, Rob Galbraith
Columbia CS 1057

An enjoyable album, not pure country, as the title might imply, but all original material written by Galbraith. The very best material on the album has a definite Mose Allison-type sound - songs like "Corner of Spit and Whittle", "Mr. Stanton Don't Believe It", "Mudflop Cadillac". Galbraith's good voice and prodding piano really bring Mose to mind. Not a bad influence, you know.

THE BLACK GLADIATOR, Bo Diddley
Checker LPS 3013

With Chuck Berry and a few others, Bo Diddley stands as one of the originators of rock and roll. This, his latest collection, is one of his better albums. Besides the habitual self-congratulatory anthem, "You, Bo Diddley", there are nine well-wrung songs. Diddley is one of a few people with nerve enough to sing songs with his own name serving as the chorus. Out of sight. Bo's voice is in fine shape throughout the album, and you know exactly what the man man is trying to say through his music.

TRIP IN THE COUNTRY, Area Code 615
Polydor 24-4025

Like the first album, a professional's masterpiece, only more so. What distinguishes this group of Nashville studio musicians is that they make no mistakes. Each song is a perfect composition. Here the group is super, not just one or two of its members. Some will strike names - bells in the memory - Keneth Buttrey, Mac Gayden, Wayne Moss, Charlie McCoy, David Briggs, Weldon Myrick, Norbet Pulnam, Buddy Spricker, Bobby Thompson... So what do you say, because you can't single out any part of the group, the cohesiveness is such a vital part of Area code 615.

Eleven cuts, mostly instrumental. Altogether, this is one of the finest, purest records out. But at the end, there's a little note saying "PS, Ding Dong the Code is Dead?" I hope not, because they've already given us two of the finest albums of recent years. Thinking back

PERFORMANCE, a soundtrack
Warner Brothers BS 2554

This is the soundtrack for an upcoming film starring Mick Jagger and James Fox. Soundtracks are always a hassle, lacking continuity and conception, and this one is no exception. It features, besides Jagger, cuts by Randy Newman, Merry Clayton, Buffy Sainte-Marie and the Last Poets. But album kudos go to a cat named Ry Cooder, who really shines on two bottleneck guitar solos. Some of the other songs have a subdued intensity, maybe the film is good.

LIVE, the Association
Warner Brothers 2WB-s 1868

If you like the Association, then you'll like this double album of the group live. Singing dozens of songs, some of which they created and others known through other groups, the Association delivers a pleasurable, if not entirely satisfying couple of hours. Cuts include "One Too Many Mornings", and "Along Comes Mary", "Get Together", "Time It Is Today", "Windy", "Cherish", and "Requiem for the Masses".

BRIEF REPLIES, Ten Wheel Drive, with
Genya Ravan Polydor 24-4024

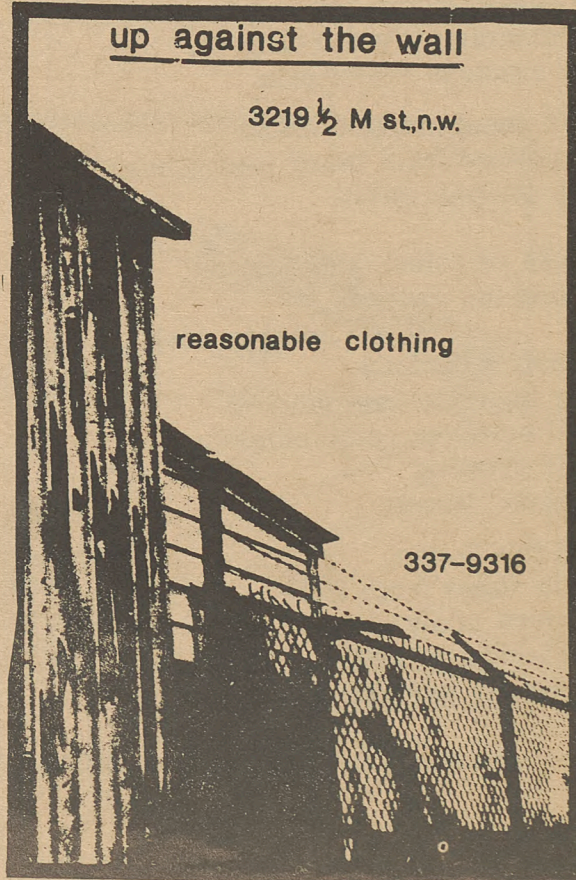
While not as consistent as the first album, still a dynamite group, one of the few to successfully create a fusion between rock and jazz. "Come Live With Me" highlights Genya Ravan's soulful voice most clearly, and the strength of the group remains in keyboarder Michael Zager and multi-talented Aram Schefrin, who fills in on guitar, percussion, banjo, even vocals. I think Genya's voice is more suited to the slow-paced cuts, for she's not a screamer, a la Joplin. Her phrasing is intelligently delicate. This ten member group has empathy lacking is most of the new, brass-oriented groups. It comes through pretty nicely on this fine album. The brass solos are not overbearing or indulgent, but reflects a musical maturity. For the very best in jazz-rock, Ten Wheel Drive gets it on.

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LATE NEWS

Heard you died here in the fall
Before I returned from my last trip.
Used your camera after all,
The sudden scenery sufficient;

The sun rising
on sodden beaches, pocked by wars
on geographic exact wall, exotic
natives, armed with legs and arms
are drilling for tomorrow's riot.
the sun sets, khaki and chaotic.

Here, where the brawls are vocal boys in local bars
robbed windows filled with broken jars.
Late drives in quickly rented cars
covering false alarm fires.

The hall recalls
you hanging up my brother's cast-off London Fog,
me stalling at the door of your unpublished life.

There from everywhere I went, I corresponding sent
Their incidental news, final as a bruise,
Here, where your late news was the only event.

COMPOSITION

I watch your face fold up for the day
like some grim portfolio to be filed away,
Erasing my chalk marks from your mind,
smacking hands on books just in time.

And if the language were your only idiom,
I could complete each new sentence
with your brief tough noun.

Adele Conover Schultz

The Young Monk of D. C.

At dawn
The young monk
Splashes in the potomac.
Pretending it's the Ganges,
He awakens Watergate.

The young monk's cloak
Is rubbed from black tombstones.
His psalms weave

Links of golden chain
Round his gaunter,
heavier neck

In half a century,
The crucifix-cast shadow
Will smother cemeteries'
Only growing
Yellow weeds.

And the Ganges
In its flight from time
Gathers many cloaks
Of black and white
Variously perfumed.

Ian Levy



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on the court transcript and "Alice in Wonderland"



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FREE FOOD

BY WU

The first thing I'd like to introduce in this column is a group of edible wild plants found in almost all parts of the United States and Canada. They grow in dry soil in open waste areas like roadsides and yards, as well as in country fields. Look for them from now till late fall. They are all very rich in vitamins and minerals, organically grown, free from pesticides, and really delicious. Here they are:



DANDELION



SHEEP SORREL



LAMB'S QUARTER



BLACK MUSTARD



PLANTAIN

Creamed dandelion: Boil one quart of young leaves, strain and chop. Save the water. Make a sauce by melting a tablespoon of butter, and mixing in a tablespoon of flour, as well as some salt and pepper. Slowly add the water in which the dandelions have been cooked. Stir in the chopped dandelion leaves. You can serve them with fried croutons and sour cream.

Sautéed dandelion: Sauté dandelion leaves in a pan with 3 tablespoons of melted oil or butter. Fry about 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

Boiled dandelion: Make the same way as plantain, below.

Dandelion salad: Make it with any dressing you like. Use only young leaves.

Sorrel soup: Cook approximately 1 lb. of sorrel with 2 cups of diced potato in salted water for about 30 minutes. Mash it through a strainer, or use a food mill or blender. Put back on stove and slowly add a tablespoon of flour dissolved in a cup of sweet cream. Cook for 10 minutes. Serve with sour cream.

Lamb's Quarters Fritters: Boil one quart of lamb's quarters. Strain them and chop. Add one tablespoon of butter, two egg yolks, tablespoon of grated parmesan, some nutmeg and some salt. Mix well and leave to cool. When almost ready to serve, add beaten egg whites. Drop the mixture by spoonfuls into hot deep fat or oil. Fry till golden on both sides.

Boiled lamb's quarters: Pick only the young leaves from plants less than one foot high. Boil them for about 10 minutes. Drain and season with lemon, butter and salt. Fry just long enough to dry out slightly and allow the seasoning to permeate them.

Boiled wild mustard: You can pick the lower leaves from any of the ten species of wild mustard. Boil them for about 30 minutes. Strain and season with butter, salt and lemon.

Boiled plantain: Boil young leaves for about 10 minutes. Drain and season them with butter and salt, then fry them just long enough to allow the seasoning to permeate them.

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Publishers for Peace select peaceful books

Three weeks ago a group of concerned publishing people, executives and employees, formed an Action Committee of the already existing Publishers for Peace, to focus its attentions and energies, through a sustained campaign and lobbying in Congress, on reestablishing the rights of free expression and on ending the killing in Indochina.

On May 11th, a resolution submitted at the opening meeting of the American Book Publishers Council was passed stating:

Members of the American Book Publishers Council, present and voting, committed as they are to an essential role in the dissemination of cultural, informational, and educational material, and deeply concerned with the gravity of the present national crisis.

We strongly urge the President, his administration and the Congress to support the essential goals of our democratic society. We do not believe these to be served by continuation of our military involvement in South East Asia. We urge that priority be given to our pressing national needs — to education, to the preservation of our environment and our economy and to human rights.

As part of our program to continue to bring these issues before the public, Publishers for Peace will use all the means at our industry's disposal. In connection with this, we propose a July 4th Week for Peace Action. We hope you will want to publish a bibliography of books involved with subjects related to all our concerns (a suggested list is enclosed). You may have overlooked some of them; or you might consider either re-reviewing others or dealing with them editorially during that week.

Contact: Catherine Hartman, Publishers for Peace, c/o AIGA, 1059 Third Avenue, New York, New York (Telephone: PL 2-0816)

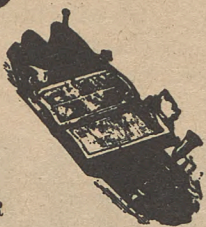
Title	Author	Publisher
Black Power Revolt	Floyd Barbour	Macmillan
Intervention and Revolution	Richard J. Barnett	World
The Economy of Death	Richard J. Barnett	Atheneum
Monopoly Capitalism	Beran & Sweezy	Monthly Review
No Bars to Manhood	Daniel Berrigan	Doubleday
Punishment for Peace	Philip Berrigan	Macmillan
Anatomy of Error	Henry Brandon	Gambit
Police Power	Paul Chevigny	Pantheon
American Power & The New Mandarins	Noam Chomsky	Pantheon
Malcolm X	John Henrik Clarke	Macmillan
Post-Prison Writings & Speeches	Eldridge Cleaver	Vintage
Soul On Ice	Eldridge Cleaver	McGraw-Hill
Wages of Neglect	Robert Coles & Maria Piers	Quadrangle
The Making of an Unamerica	Paul Cowan	Viking
A Different Kind of Country	Raymond F. Dasmann	Macmillan
Points of Rebellion	W.O. Douglas	Random
Abuse of Power	Theodore Draper	Viking
Viet-Nam Reader	B. Fall & M. Raskin	Vintage
Black Skin, White Masks	Frantz Fanon	Grove
How to Get Out of Vietnam	J.K. Galbraith	NAL
An Unlawful Concert: An Account of the Presidio Mutiny Case	Fred Gardner	Viking
In the Service of their Country	Willard Gaylin, M.D.	Viking
The Great Society Reader	Marvin Gettleman & David Mermelstein	Random
The End of the American Era	Andrew Hacker	Atheneum
One Morning in the War: The Tragedy of Song My	Richard Hammer	Coward-McCann
Justice	Richard Harris	Dutton
Algiers Motel Incident	John Hersey	Knopf
My Lai 4	Seymour Hersh	Random
Fanshen: A Documentary of Revolution in a Chinese Village	William Hinton	Vintage
Limits of Intervention	Townsend Hoops	McKay
White Over Black	Winthrop D. Jordan	N. Carolina
The United States in Vietnam	George M. Kahin & John W. Lewis	Dial
Ho Chi Minh: A Political Biography	Jean Lacouture	Vintage
Casualties of War	Daniel Lang	McGraw-Hill
Lookout Whitey, Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama	Julius Lester	Dial
Highschool Revolutionaries	Marc Libarle & Tom Seligson	Random
The City	John Lindsay	Norton
Vietnam: The Unheard Voices	Don Luce & John Sommer	Cornell
Vietnam: Origins of a Revolution	John T. McAlister & Paul Mus	Knopf
The Vietnamese and their Revolution	John T. McAlister	Harper
American Militarism: 1970	Judy Nies McFadden & Erwin Knoll (eds.)	Viking
Selling of the President	Joe McGinnis	Trident
Age of Imperialism	Hary Magdoff	Monthly Review
Armies of the Night	Norman Mailer	World
A Critique of Pure Tolerance	Herbert Marcuse & Wolf Barrington Moore	Beacon
The Trial of Dr. Spock	Jessica Mitford	Knopf, Vintage
Report from Wasteland: America's Military Industrial Complex	William Proxmire	Praeger
Violence in America	Tom Rose (ed.)	Random
The Making of a Counterculture	Theodore Roszak	Doubleday
Behind the Lines, Hanoi	Harrison Salisbury	Harper
Village of Ben Suc	Jonathan Schell	Knopf
China Reader, Vol. 3: Communist China	O. Schell & F. Schurmann	Vintage
Seize the Time	Bobby Seale	Random
Military Justice is to Justice as Military Music is to Music	Robert Sherrill	Harper
Trials and the Resistance: Essays by Chomsky, Dworkin, etc.		New York Review Book
Responsibilities of Civil Disobedience	Howard Zinn	Random



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BOOK



MARK LOEWINGER

DADA-ART AND ANTI-ART

Dada started in Cabaret Voltaire, Zurich in 1915, and it has not stopped. In actually, one will find that Dada never started, it always was; and to quote the capsule definition often applied to the movement: "Dada is a state of mind". Regardless of time however, Dada is today; and it seems to be more and more apparent that it is something we could really appreciate and apply today, and to many other things besides art.

If attention is any evidence of importance, which it is not, and then again is, the attention Dada is receiving in recent publications, would qualify Dada to be rated very highly. Nevertheless, it is not only the literary world that we find current appreciation of Dada by any means. Contemporary artists, poets and writers subscribe to the philosophy of Dada in quantity.

In Dada-Art and Anti-Art, Dada-artists Hans Richter portrays the movement and its importance as he saw it. In a series of essay format capsules he focuses on the diverse points and people involved in Zurich, Paris, New York, and Berlin. His astute writings range from reports to histories, and to analyses.

Particular attention is given to the notions, the ideas that surround the works and people involved. Singled out are such familiar names as Duchamp, Schwitters, Vache and Tzara. Richters first had information given noted credibility to his accounts of the publications, exhibitions and private lives of the negotiators of the fascinating movement.

Published by Abrams in 250 pages at \$7.50. Fine illustrations, Appendix, and Bibliography.

CULTURE IS OUR BUSINESS

To the tune of ten dollars, Marshall McLuhan strikes again. In a continuation of his analysis of the media, he offers his pearls of wisdom with advertisements to match to make clear his opinions dealing with our society's being manifest in the ads they respond to. If this sounds cryptic, it is only because that is the import of the book. McLuhan unfortunately has destroyed himself in his own media this time. The ads reproduced though are actually rather interesting. They provide fifteen or twenty minutes of pleasant amusement and a few have attractive and even - clever - graphics.

Published by McGraw - Hill in 320 pages.

POEMS - by Hermann Hesse - translated by James Wright.

Hermann Hesse is a writer who today fortunately needs no introduction or praise. His revival has made his works familiar to most who can read and the craze for Steppenwolf and Siddhartha has lead to interest in the other novels such as Journey to the East and Demian. And again fortunately, Hesse's poetry has come to attention. James Wright selected and translated the poems in this anthology which also includes original German.

Published by Noonday at \$1.95 in paperback in 75 pages.

THE SENSUOUS WOMAN

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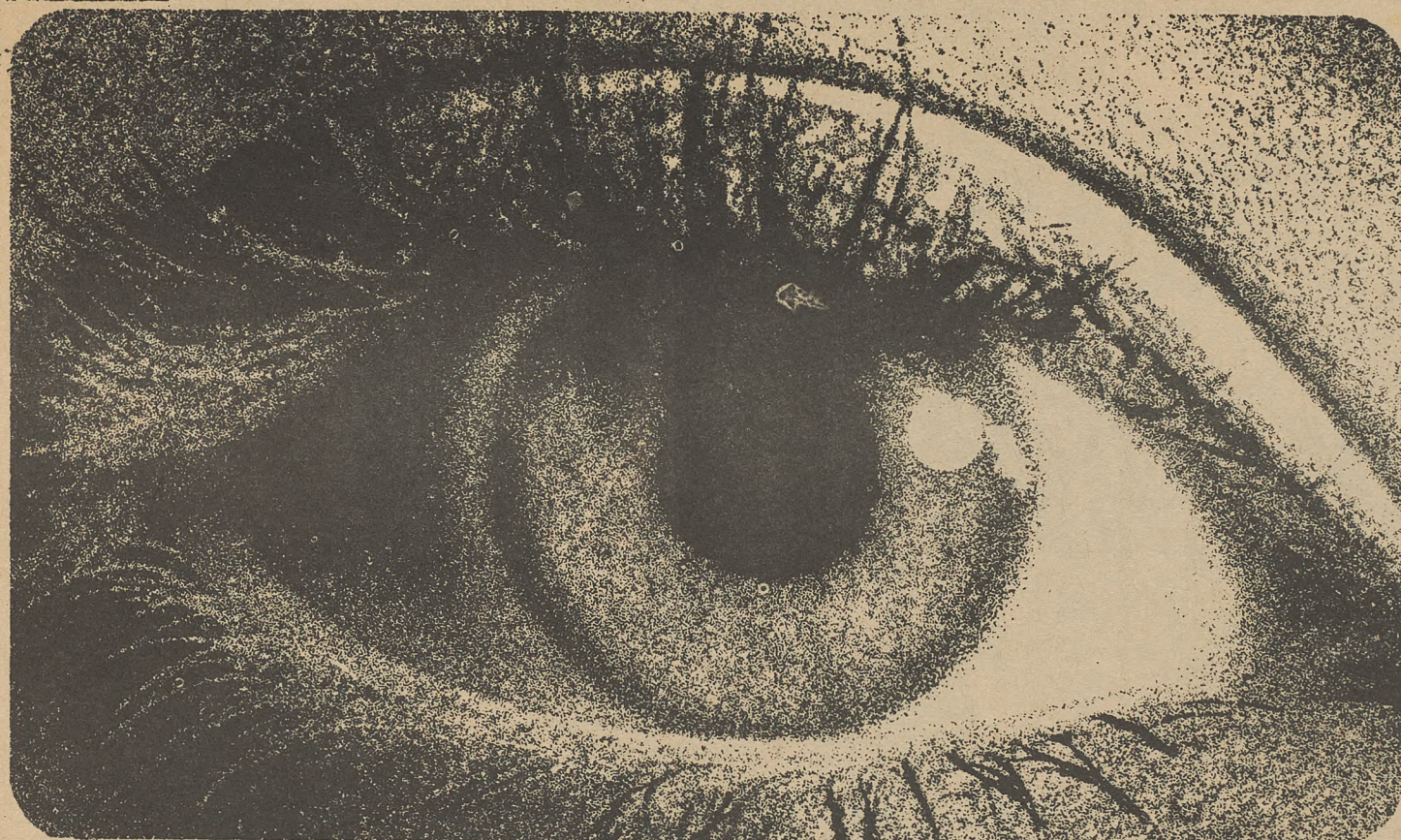


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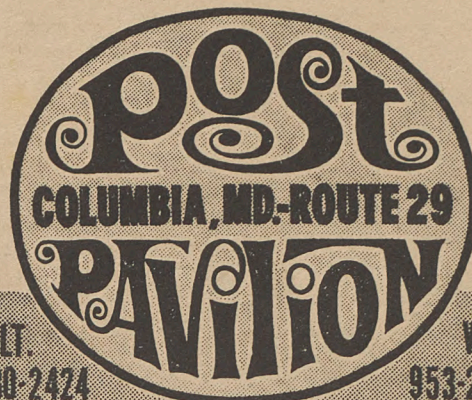
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